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THE POETRY BOOK—9

For a poet wrought in Pana
And his stanzas roared in ste

HE POETRY BOOK

9

MIRIAM BLANTON HUBER
HERBERT B. BRUNER
and
CHARLES MADISON CURRY

Illustrated by
MARJORIE HARTWELL

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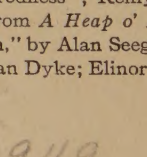

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THE POETRY BOOK—9

IF ——

you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same:
you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
d lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss:

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

—Rudyard Kipl

THE RIGHT WAY TO READ

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits,—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

—Elizabeth Barrett Brown

THE TORCH OF LIFE

Vitaï Lampada

There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight—
  Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
  An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
  Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
  Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
The Gatling's jammed, and the Colonel dead,
  And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
  And England's far, and Honor a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
  While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
  And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
  Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

—Henry Newbolt

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain s
meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgn
Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Bi
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come f
the ends of the earth.

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colon
pride.
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn
the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far av
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of
Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Ka
hides?"
Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the Ressal
"If ye know the track of the morning mist, ye know where
pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonai
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare.
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to
Tongue of Jagai.

if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
e is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."
Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of a gallows-tree.
Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
rides at the tail of a border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
ne was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
ne was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
as fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride!"

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a bar
doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head abo
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maid
plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low le
thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man
seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their ho
drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare lik
new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the ri
free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room
there to strive,
" 'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so l
alive;
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clu
of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on
knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row

had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could
not fly."
tly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to bird and
beast,
count who come for the broken meats before thou makest
a feast.
ere should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones
away,
e the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief
could pay.
will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on
the garnered grain,
thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle
are slain.
if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren wait to
sup,
hound is kin to the jackal-spawn—howl, dog, and call
them up!
if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and
stack,
me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way
back!"
al has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his
feet.
talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray wolf
meet.

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the da
with Death?"
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood
my clan;
Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she
carried a man!"
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled agai
his breast;
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she lov
the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-stud
rein,
My 'broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirr
twain."
The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle end,
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye t
the mate from a friend?"
"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the
of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped fro
mountain crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked lik
lance in rest.
"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troo
the Guides,

thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.
Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line.
thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
e they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."

have looked each other between the eyes, and there have found no fault,
have taken the oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt;
have taken the oath of Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
ne hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
Colonel's son he rides the mare and the Kamal's boy the dun,
two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
e was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.

"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up th
steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—tonight 'tis a ma
of the Guides!"

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain sha
meet,*
*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgme
Seat;*
*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birt
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come fro
the ends of the earth.*

— RUDYARD KIPLING

THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK

A NEW OLD BALLAD

The wind it blew, and the ship it flew;
And it was "Hey for hame!
And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
"Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem."

Then up and spoke the king himsel':
"Haud on for Dunfermline!"
Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upo' the land—
I'm king upo' the brine."

And he took the helm intil his hand,
And he steered the ship sae free;
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
And stood right out to sea.

Quo the king, "There's treason in this, I vow;
This is something underhand!
'Bout ship!" Quo the skipper, "Yer grace forgets
Ye are king but o' the land!"

And still he held to the open sea;
And the east wind sank behind;
And the west had a bitter word to say,
Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind.

And he turned her head into the north.
Said the king: "Gar fling him o'er."

Quo the fearless skipper; "It's a' ye're worth!
Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The king crept down the cabin-stair,
To drink the gude French wine.
And up she came, his daughter fair,
And luikit ower the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,
To the hail but and the weet;
Her snood it brak, and, as lang's hersel',
Her hair drave out i' the sleet.

She turned her face frae the drivin' win'—
"What's that ahead?" quo she.
The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win',
And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!
Put to yer hand," quoth he;
"Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,
It's the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength,
Whether woman's or man's at last.
To the tiller the lady she laid her han',
And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

For that slender body was full o' soul,
And the will is mair than shape;

As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,
And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo the skipper: "Ye are a lady fair,
And a princess grand to see;
But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail
To hell in yer company."

She liftit a pale and a queenly face;
Her een flashed, and syne they swim.
"And what for no to heaven?" she says,
And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na her han' frae the good ship's helm,
Until the day did daw;
And the skipper he spak, but what he said
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship she lay to,
Wi' the land far on the lee;
And up cam' the king upo' the deck,
Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king:
"Gae wa', gae wa'," said the king.
Said the king, like a prince, "I was a' wrang,
Put on this ruby ring."

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars cam oot,
And the ship turned to the shore;

And, afore the sun was up again,
  They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pierheid,
  And the king he stept on the land.
"Skipper, kneel doun," the king he said,
  "Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

The skipper he louted on his knee,
  The king his blade he drew:
Said the king, "How daured ye contre me?
  I'm aboard my ain ship noo.

"I canna mak ye a king," said he,
  "For the Lord alane can do that;
And besides ye took it intil yer ain han',
  And crooned yersel' sae pat!

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring;
  For ance I am at your beck.
And first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Doon,
  Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at the king
  In his een for all his croon;
Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's ring,
  And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the king's face,—
  A wrathfu' man to see:

"The rascal loon abuses our grace;
Gae hang him upon yon tree."

But the skipper sprang aboard his ship,
And he drew his biting blade;
And he struck the chain that held her fast,
But the iron was ower weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud;
And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved your life!" cried the lady fair;
"His life ye daurna spill!"
"Will ye come atween me and my hate?"
Quo the lady, "And that I will!"

And on cam' the knights wi' spur and spear,
For they heard the iron ring.
"Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,
Mind ye that I am the king."

"I kneel to my father for his grace,
Right lowly on my knee;
But I stand and look the king in the face,
For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,
And the cable splashed in the sea.

The good ship spread her wings sae white,
And away with the skipper gaes she.

Now was not this a king's daughter,
And a brave lady beside?
And a woman with whom a man might sail
Into the heaven wi' pride?

— GEORGE MACDONALD

AN AWAKENING

Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across;
Violets were born!

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud;
Splendid, a star!

World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out;
That was thy face!

— ROBERT BROWNIN

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
  That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
  The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,
  A man's a man, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

— Robert Burns

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

— William Shakespeare

SEPTEMBER

The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON

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HOME THOUGHTS FROM EUROPE

ine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
ıg the famous palaces and cities of renown,
dmire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,—
ıow I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

it's home again, and home again, America for me!
y heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
ıere the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
vhen it comes to living, there is no place like home.

the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
e friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

w that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
he glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
ve our land for what she is and what she is to be.

, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
ant a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
ıe blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
e the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

LEISURE

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

—W. H. Davies

THE THINKER

Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the thought;
The thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker,
Or labor with lusty blows,
But back of him stands the thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plow or sabre,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the brains of labor
Which give the work a soul!

Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the brain!

Might of the roaring boiler,
  Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
  Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the schemer,
  The thinker who drives things through;
Back of the job—the dreamer,
  Who's making the dream come true!

— Berton Braley

ONE SHIP GOES EAST

One ship goes East, another goes West
  By the self-same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
  That determines the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of Fate
  As we linger along through life.
'Tis the set of the sail that decides the goal,
  And not the calm or the strife.

— Rebecca R. Williams

GOETHALS, THE PROPHET

A man went down to Panama
Where many a man had died
To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.

For a poet wrought in Panama
With a continent for his theme,
And he wrote with flood and fire
To forge a planet's dream,
And the derricks rang his dithyrambs
And his stanzas roared in steam.

Where old Balboa bent his gaze
He leads the liners through,
And the Horn that tossed Magellan
Bellows a far halloo,
For where the navies never sailed
Steamed Goethals and his crew;

So nevermore the tropic routes
Need poleward warp and veer,
But on through the Gates of Goethals
The steady keels shall steer,
Where the tribes of man are led toward peace
By the prophet-engineer.

—Percy MacKaye

Might of the PREPAREDNESS
Force of
Str
all your days prepare,
And meet them ever alike:
When you are the anvil, bear—
When you are the hammer, strike.

— EDWIN MARKHAM

FOG

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then, moves on.

— CARL SANDBURG

THE GIANT

There came a Giant to my door,
A Giant fierce and strong;
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowled and frowned; he shook the ground;
I trembled through and through;
At length I looked him in the face
And cried, "Who cares for you?"

The mighty Giant, as I spoke,
Grew pale and thin and small,
And through his body, as 'twere smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies:—
"Is this," I cried, with growing pride,
"Is this the mighty foe?"

He sank before my earnest face,
He vanished quite away,
And left no shadow in his place
Between me and the day.
Such giants come to strike us dumb,
But, weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

—Charles Mackay

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

— William Cullen Bryant

CALIBAN IN THE COAL MINES

God, we don't like to complain
  We know that the mine is no lark —
But — there's the pools from the rain;
  But — there's the cold and the dark.

God, You don't know what it is —
  You, in Your well-lighted sky —
Watching the meteors whizz;
  Warm, with the sun always by.

God, if You had but the moon
  Stuck in Your cap for a lamp,
Even You'd tire of it soon,
  Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above
  And nothing that moves but the cars . . .
God, if You wish for our love,
  Fling us a handful of stars!

— Louis Untermeyer

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing Sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them: thou hast thy music too,—

While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—JOHN KEAT

NIGHT STUFF

Listen a while, the moon is a lovely woman, a lonely wom
lost in a silver dress, lost in a circus rider's silver dr
Listen a while, the lake by night is a lonely woman, a lov
woman, circled with birches and pines mixing their gr
and white among stars shattered in spray clear night
I know the moon and the lake have twisted the roots un
my heart the same as a lonely woman, a lovely wom
in a silver dress, in a circus rider's silver dress.

—CARL SANDBU

TAM O' SHANTER

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon:
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy:
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;—
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;

The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire:
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;

Near and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tipenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France;
But hornpipes, jigs, strathpseys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,

That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae the rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens;

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a wofu' woman!

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed,
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare.

—Robert Burns

BOGLES

M GHOULIES AND GHOSTIES, LONG-LEGGETY BEASTIES,
AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT,
OOD LORD, DELIVER US!

—Old Litany

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
Today, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
Today, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall;
The ballot box my throne!

Who serves today upon the list
Beside the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor;
The weak is strong today;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

Today let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
Today shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
  Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
  Than Mammon's vilest dust,—
While there's a right to need my vote,
  A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
  A man's a man today!

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

CHARITY

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord,— its various tone,
Each spring,— its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

—ROBERT BURNS

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the tail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape flowed away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! Hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! Hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

— Thomas Buchanan Read

THE SOLDIER

should die, think only this of me:
hat there's some corner of a foreign field
t is for ever England. There shall be
a that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
ust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
ave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
ody of England's, breathing English air,
ashed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

think, this heart, all evil shed away,
pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
nd laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

— Rupert Brooke

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade;
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.
It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land,
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed on silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear—
But I've a rendezvous with Death,
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

— Alan Seeger

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

AS SEEN FROM THE TRAIN

I saw the spires of Oxford
  As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
  Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
  Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
  The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
  On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded—War!
  They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
  The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
  To seek a bloody sod.
They gave their merry youth away
  For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
  Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
  Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
  Than even Oxford town.

—WINIFRED M. LETTS

THE LONG DEAD

Under their stones they lie, in great cathedrals,
dust and ashes.
But they are not there.
Under grass they lie, in little churchyards,
dust and ashes.
But they are not there.
Far in strange lands they lie, with no sign over them,
dust and ashes.
But they are not there.
Under deep seas they lie, lost in sea changes,
pearl and coral.
But they are not there.

From all their places,
their worshipped and unknown places,
they are gone to where the new comers
give golden shining
above the dark battle.

—Helen Mack

HERVÉ RIEL

the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
id the English fight the French,—woe to France!
, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
ame crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the Rance,
h the English fleet in view

as the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
irst and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
they signaled to the place
lp the winners of a race!
et us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
ere's the English can and will!"

n the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
cks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,—
l the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
ink to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
t to enter—where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside?
Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them ta
in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bo
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beac
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, thir
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for t
fleet,
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

"What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:

Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?

to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell

my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

'wixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?

you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

ered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

urn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!

rs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!

let me lead the line,

ave the biggest ship to steer,

et this 'Formidable' clear,

e the others follow mine,

I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

ght to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

d if one ship misbehave,—

—Keel so much as grate the ground,

, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried
chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief.
Still the north wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's p
found!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the grou
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past.
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come,—too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm.
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance

As they cannonade away!
eath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
w hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
t burst all with one accord,
'This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing!"
iat a shout, and all one word,
'Hervé Riel!"
he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
n the frank blue Breton eyes,
t the same man as before.

en said Damfreville, "My friend,
iust speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
iise is deeper than the lips:
u have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
ith, our sun was near eclipse!
mand whate'er you will,
nce remains your debtor still.
t to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

en a beam of fun outbroke
the bearded mouth that spoke,

As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since't is ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

—Robert Browning

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK

"O well is me, my gay goss-hawk,
That ye can speak and flee;
For ye shall carry a love-letter
To my true-love frae me."

"O how shall I your true-love find,
Or how should I her knaw?
I bear a tongue ne'er wi' her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw."

"O well shall you my true-love ken,
Sae soon as her ye see,
For of a' the flowers o' fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

"And when ye come to her castle,
Light on the bush of ash,
And sit ye there, and sing our loves,
As she comes frae the mass.

"And when she goes into the house,
Light ye upon the whin;
And sit ye there, and sing our loves,
As she gaes out and in."

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put in under the wing sae grey;

And the bird is awa' to southern land,
As fast as he could gae.

And when he flew to that castle,
He lighted on the ash,
And there he sat, and sang their loves,
As she came frae the mass.

And when she went into the house,
He flew unto the whin;
And there he sat, and sang their loves,
As she gaed out and in.

"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
Till I gae to the west-window,
And hear a birdie's sang."

She's gane into the west-window,
And fainly aye it drew,
And soon into her white silk lap
The bird the letter threw.

"Ye're bidden send your love a send,
For he has sent you three;
And tell him where he can see you,
Or for your love he'll die."

"I send him the rings from my white fingers,
The garlands aff my hair,

I send him the heart that's in my breast,
What would my love hae mair?
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye'll bid him meet me there."

She's gane until her father dear,
As fast as she could hie,
"An asking, an asking, my father dear,
An asking grant ye me!
That if I die in merry England,
In Scotland you'll bury me.

"At the first kirk o' fair Scotland,
Ye'll cause the bells be rung;
At the neist kirk o' fair Scotland
Ye'll cause the mass be sung.

"At the third kirk o' fair Scotland,
Ye'll deal the gowd for me;
At the fourth kirk o' fair Scotland,
It's there you'll bury me."

She has ta'en her to her bigly bower,
As fast as she could hie;
And she has drappèd down like deid,
Beside her mother's knee;
Then out and spak' an auld witch-wife,
By the fire-side sate she.

Says,—"Drap the het lead on her cheek,
And drap it on her chin,
And drap it on her rose-red lips,
And she will speak again;
O meikle will a maiden do,
To her true love to win!"

They drapt the het lead on her cheek,
They drapt it on her chin,
They drapt it on her rose-red lips,
But breath was nane within.

Then up arose her seven brothers,
And made for her a bier;
The boards were of the cedar wood,
The plates o' silver clear.

And up arose her seven sisters,
And made for her a sark;
The claith of it was satin fine,
The steeking silken wark.

The first Scots kirk that they cam' to,
They gar'd the bells be rung;
The neist Scots kirk that they cam' to,
They gar'd the mass be sung.

The third Scots kirk that they cam' to,
They dealt the gowd for her;

The fourth Scots kirk that they cam' to,
  Her true-love met them there.

"Set down, set down the bier," he quoth,
  "Till I look on the dead;
The last time that I saw her face,
  Her cheeks were rosy red."

He rent the sheet upon her face,
  A little abune the chin;
And fast he saw her color come,
  And sweet she smiled on him.

"O give me a chive of your bread, my love,
  And ae drap o' your wine;
For I have fasted for your sake,
  These weary lang days nine!

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brothers;
  Gae hame an' blaw your horn!
I trow ye wad hae gi'en me the skaith,
  But I've gi'ed you the scorn.

"I cam' not here to fair Scotland,
  To lie amang the dead;
But I cam' here to fair Scotland,
  Wi' my ain true-love to wed."

—Old Ballad

NOVEMBER

No sun — no moon —
No morn — no noon —
No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —
No sky — no earthly view —
No distance looking blue —
No road — no street — no t'other side the way —
No end to any row —
No indication where the crescents go —
No top to any steeple —
No recognition of familiar people —
No courtesies for throwing 'em —
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all — no locomotion —
No missing of the way — no notion —
No go — by land or ocean —
No mail — no post —
No news from any foreign coast —
No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —
No company — no nobility —
No warmth — no cheerfulness — no healthful ease —
No comfortable feel in any member —
No shade — no shine — no butterflies — no bees —
No fruits — no flowers — no leaves — no birds —
No-vember!

— Thomas Hood

LARRIE O'DEE

Now the Widow McGee,
And Larrie O'Dee,
Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair,
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn,
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn,
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:
"Och! Misthress McGee,
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,
Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two pigs!"
"Indade, sur it is!" answered Widow McGee,
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.
"And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsaidenly near
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,
And yet kape a cruel purtition betwane."

"Shwate Widow McGee,"
Answered Larrie O'Dee,
"If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?

Och! it made me heart ache when I paped through the crack
Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer axe;
An' a-bobbin' yer head an' a-shtompin' yer fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,
A-shplittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm!"

"Now, piggy," says she,
"Larrie's courtin' o' me,
Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you;
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:
For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout:
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape yer nose out.
Now Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!"
"Me darlint, the piggy says yes," answered he.
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

—William W. Fink

Now, piggy," says she,
"Larrie's courtin' o' me."

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

— HENRY VAN DYKE

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

— Leigh Hunt

THE OVERLAND MAIL

[*Foot-service to the Simla Hills*]

In the name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam.
The woods are awake at the end of the day—
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let the robber retreat—and the tiger turn tail—
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the footpath that heads up the hill—
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waistbelt, the Post Office bill;—
"Dispatched on this date, as received by the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail."

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.
Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the clif
Does the tempest cry halt? What are tempests to him?
The Service admits not a "but" or an "if."
While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose oak, from rose oak to fir,
From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice fields to rock ridge, from rock ridge to spur,
Fly the soft-sandaled feet, strains the scrawny brown ches

From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road—
A jingle of bells on the footpath below—
There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode—
The world is awake and the clouds are aglow.
For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail:—
"In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!"

—Rudyard Kipling

HAPPINESS

If happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang.

—Robert Burns

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles";
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant, monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty and there was no light,

Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the court yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another King,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet ring,
King Robert's self in features, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an angel! and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exultation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognized.
A moment, speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? And why comest thou here?"
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,

"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counselor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall."

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,

Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch.

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast,
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate,
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend, the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued,
And when the Angel met him on his way
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes and cloaks and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.
And, lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him, "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,

They heard the monk's chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies:
The Captains and the Kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

— Rudyard Kipling

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Prelude to Part First

Over his keys the musing organist,
  Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
  And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
  Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
  Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb, and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
  Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
  With our faint hearts the mountain strives.
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
  Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
  Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
  The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,

The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

Part First

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For tomorrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;

Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
  Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
  Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
  The little birds sang as if it were
  The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray:
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;

Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
  He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
  And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
  The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
  Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
  "Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
  Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
  That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—

The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Prelude to Part Second

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
  From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
  It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;

Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
  Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
  By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
  The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
  With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
  And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
  Hunted to death in its galleries blind;

And swift little troops of silent sparks,
  Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
  Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
  And rattles and wrings
  The icy strings,
  Singing, in dreary monotone,
  A Christmas carol of its own,
  Whose burden still, as he might guess,
  Was —"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
  The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
  Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
  Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
  For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;

A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,

He came back from seeking
the Holy Grail . . .

Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms";—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said,—"I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,

That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need, —
Not that which we give, but what we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound: —
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

X

The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall

As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

— James Russell Lowell

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;

The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from the log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—

Lenoir Rhyne Colleg
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Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—Edwin Markham

SHIPS IN THE SKY

Richer am I than he who owns
  Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
  Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
  Above the apple trees.

I freight them with my untold dreams,
  Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
  Than ever India knew,—
My ships that sail into the East
  Across that outlet blue.

—Lucy Larcom

SUNRISE

I've never seen the great sun rise,
For then I am in bed;
The sands of slumber in my eyes
Hold down my drowsy head.

I *think* the sun climbs up the sky
And throws the clouds away,
Then girds her flaming tunic high
And strides to meet the day.

Soft-touched by birds' wings is her head;
Her feet caressed by trees;
She turns their leaves to gold and red
And stoops to drink the seas.

—KATHARINE KOSMAK

Written by a ninth-grade pupil, Lincoln School of Teachers College, New York City.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YAR

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,

If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,-
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn."

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

— Thomas Gray

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead.

— Robert Browning

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion

Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
  Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
  But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
  Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
  The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
  How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
  Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
  And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
  For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
  Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
  Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
  The loving are the daring.

— Bayard Taylor

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true,
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doune and dee.

—William Douc

THE LITTLE BELLS OF SEVILLA

he ladies of Sevilla go forth to take the air,
ney loop their lace mantillas, a red rose in their hair;
pon the road Delicias their little horses run,
nd tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, the bells go every one.

eside the Guadalquivir, by orange-scented way,
ne ladies of Sevilla they come at cool of day;
ney wave their fans coquettish, their black eyes gleam and glow,
nd all their little carriage bells a-jingle, jingle go.

nere, too, the caballeros drive in the perfumed breeze,
pon the road Delicias among the flowering trees;
eneath their brown sombreros their dark eyes flame and flash,
nd all their little horses' bells right merrily they crash.

eside the Guadalquivir the hours are very fair,
ne nightingale is tuning upon the scented air;
n, laughing Andalusia, beloved of the sun,
our merry, merry little bells, they call me every one.

— Dora Sigerson Shorter

THE TOM-CAT

At midnight in the alley
  A Tom-Cat comes to wail,
And he chants the hate of a million years
  As he swings his snaky tail.

Malevolent, bony, brindled,
  Tiger and devil and bard,
His eyes are coals from the middle of Hell,
  And his heart is black and hard.

He twists and crouches and capers
  And bares his curved sharp claws,
And he sings to the stars of jungle nights
  Ere cities were, or laws.

Beast from a world primeval,
  He and his leaping clan,
When the blotched red moon leers over the roofs,
  Give voice to their scorn of man.

He will lie on a rug tomorrow
  And lick his silken fur,
And veil the brute in his yellow eyes
  And play he's tame, and purr.

But at midnight in the alley
  He will crouch again and wail,
And beat the time for his demon's song
  With the swing of his demon's tail.

— Don Marqui

THE CREMATION OF SAM McGEE

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

ow Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton
blooms and blows,
hy he left his home in the South to roam 'round the Pole,
God only knows.
was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him
like a spell;
ough he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd sooner
live in hell."

Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson
Trail.
lk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like
a driven nail.
our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes
we couldn't see;
wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam
McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our rob
beneath the snow,
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancir
heel and toe,
He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this tri
I guess;
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my la
request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he sa
with a sort of moan:
"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chill
clean through to the bone.
Yet 'tain't being dead — it's my awful dread of the icy gra
that pains;
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate n
last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would n
fail;
And we started on at the streak of dawn; but God! he look
ghastly pale.
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his hor
in Tennessee;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sa
McGee.

ere wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried,
horror-driven,
h a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a
promise I'd given;
was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "You may
tax your brawn and brains,
you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those
last remains."

w a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its
own stern code,
the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart
how I cursed that load.
he long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the huskies,
round in a ring,
wled out their woes to the homeless snows — O God! how
I loathed the thing.

l every day that quiet clay seemed heavier and heavier
to grow;
l on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was
getting low;
e trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I would
not give in;
l I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with
a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derel
there lay;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was call
the "Alice May."
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at r
frozen chum;
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-m
tor-e-um."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boi
fire;
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped t
fuel higher;
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such a bl
you seldom see;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed
Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and t
wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, a
I don't know why;
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking do
the sky

o not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;
t the stars came out and they danced about ere again I
ventured near;
vas sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a
peep inside.
uess he's cooked, and it's time I looked"; . . . then the
door I opened wide.

d there sat Sam, looking cold and calm, in the heart of the
furnace roar;
d he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said: "Please
close that door!
s fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and
storm—
ce I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time
I've been warm."

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Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
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— Robert W. Service

RESULTS AND ROSES

The man who wants a garden fair,
  Or small or very big,
With flowers growing here and there,
  Must bend his back and dig.

The things are mighty few on earth
  That wishes can attain.
Whate'er we want of any worth
  We've got to work to gain.

It matters not what goal you seek,
  Its secret here reposes:
You've got to dig from week to week
  To get Results or Roses.

— EDGAR A. GUEST

MORE ROSES

From *The Spanish Gypsy*

NDA:

Queen, a branch of roses—
So sweet, you'll love to smell them. 'Twas the last.
I climbed the bank to get it before Tralla,
And slipped and scratched my arm. But I don't mind.
You love the roses—so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
Then all the valley would be pink and white
And soft to tread on. They would fall as light
As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be
Like sleeping and yet waking, all at once!
Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go,
Will it rain roses?

DALMA:

No, my prattler, no!
It never will rain roses: when we want
To have more roses we must plant more trees.

— GEORGE ELIOT

LASCA

I want free life, and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in battle,
The medley of hoofs and horns and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash, and danger, and life and love—
And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-grey mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or creeds;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared save to be at my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow:
From her little head to her little feet,
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,

Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun
At something I whispered or looked or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl in the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here tonight;
But she sobbed, and sobbing, so quickly bound
Her torn rebosa about the wound
That I swiftly forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eyes were brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye:
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire
One does not drink in little sips.

. . . . . .

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side and forgot, forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close oppressed,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of the night or the blaze of the noon;
That, once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop their flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
That falls in front of their mad stampede!

. . . . . .

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared.
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one—
Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, goodbye

To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together — and, what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard to my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

. . . . . .

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in the Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying and no one knows;
And the summer shines, and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little grey hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into the rift of a cottonwood tree;

And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea.
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are, like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

—Frank Desprez

BEATITUDES

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom
heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteou
ness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called t
children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sak
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute yo
and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sak

—The Bibl

SO GLAD FOR SPREENG

Eef som'body com' today
To dees fruita-stan an' say:
"Wa't? Banana two for fi'?
Seems to me dat's verra high!"
I would look up een da sky
Where da sun ees shine so bright,
An' da clouds so sof' an' white
Sail like boats I use' to see
Een da bay at Napoli;
An' so softa theeng I am,
I would notta care a dam
Eef da customer should be
Sly enough for taka three!
Eef like dat you com' today
Mebbe so I justa say:
"See da Tony McAroni!
He ees verra lazy theeng,
What da deuce he care for money?
Here ees com' da spreeng!"

Eef today I had a wife
An' she say: "My love! my life!
I mus' have fi'-dollar note
For da new spreeng hat an' coat,"
Theenk I gona grab her throat,
Bang her head agains' da wall?

Eh! Today? Oh, not at all!
She would look so pretta dere
Weeth da sunshine on her hair,
I would look at her, an' den
I would tal her: "Taka ten!"
Eef I had a wife today
I am sure dat I would say:
"All right, Mrs. McAroni,
I am verra softa theeng.
W'at de deuce I care for money?
Here ees com' da spreeng!"

— Thomas Augustine Dal

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—

But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

— Charles Wolfe

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

—William Wordsworth

THE POPLARS

My poplars are like ladies trim,
Each conscious of her own estate;
In costume somewhat over prim,
In manner cordially sedate,
Like two old neighbors met to chat
Beside my garden gate.

My stately old aristocrats—
I fancy still their talk must be
Of rose-conserves and Persian cats,
And lavender and Indian tea;—
I wonder sometimes as I pass
If they approve of me.

I give them greeting night and morn,
I like to think they answer, too,
With that benign assurance born
When youth gives age the reverence due,
And bend their wise heads as I go
As courteous ladies do.

Long may you stand before my door,
Oh, kindly neighbors garbed in green,
And bend with rustling welcome o'er
The many friends who pass between;
And where the little children play
Look down with gracious mien.

—Theodosia Garrison

My poplars are like ladies trim

LORD BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE

Lord Beichan was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
But he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
Who treated him right cruellie.

In ilka shoulder was put a bore,
In ilka bore was put a tree;
And heavy loads they made him draw,
Till he was sick, and like to dee.

Then he was cast in a dungeon deep,
Where he cou'd neither hear nor see;
And seven long years they kept him there,
Both cold and hunger sore to dree.

The Moor he had an only daughter,
The damsel's name was Susie Pye;
And ilka day as she took the air,
Lord Beichan's prison she pass'd by.

Young Susie Pye had a tender heart,
Tho' she was come of a cruel kin;
And sore she sigh'd, she knew not why,
For him who lay that dungeon in.

"Oh, were I but the prison keeper,
As I'm a lady of high degree,

I soon wou'd set this youth at large,
And send him to his own countrie."

She gave the keeper a piece of gold,
And many pieces of white monie,
To unlock to her the prison doors,
That she Lord Beichan might go see.

Lord Beichan he did marvel sore,
The Moor's fair daughter there to see;
But took her for some captive maid,
Brought from some land in Christendie.

For when she saw his wretched plight,
Her tears fell fast and bitterlie;
And thus the Moor's fair daughter spake
Unto Lord Beichan tenderlie:

"Oh, have ye any lands," she said,
"Or castles in your own countrie,
That ye cou'd give to a lady fair,
From prison strong to set you free?"

"Oh, I have lands both fair and braid,
And I have castles fair to see;
But I wou'd give them all," he said,
"From prison strong to be set free."

"Plight me the truth of your right hand,
The truth of it here plight to me,

That till seven years are past and gone,
No lady ye will wed but me."

"For seven long years I do make a vow,
And seven long years I'll keep it true,
If you wed with no other man,
No other lady I'll wed but you."

Then she has bribed the prison-keeper,
With store of gold and white monie,
To loose the chain that bound him so,
And set Lord Beichan once more free.

A ring she from her finger broke,
And half of it to him gave she,—
"Keep it, to mind you of the maid
Who out of prison set you free."

She had him put on good shipboard,
That he might safely cross the main;
Then said, "Adieu! my Christian lord,
I fear we ne'er may meet again."

Lord Beichan turn'd him round about,
And lowly, lowly bent his knee;
"Ere seven years are come and gone,
I'll take you to my own countrie."

But Susie Pye cou'd get no rest,
Nor day nor night cou'd happy be;

For something whisper'd in her breast,
"Lord Beichan will prove false to thee."

So she set foot on good shipboard,
Well mann'd and fitted gallantlie;
She bade adieu to her father's towers,
And left behind her own countrie.

Then she sailed west, and she sailed north,
She sailed far o'er the salt sea faem;
And after many weary days,
Unto fair England's shore she came.

Then she went to Lord Beichan's gate,
And she tirl'd gently at the pin,
And ask'd — "Is this Lord Beichan's hall,
And is that noble lord within?"

The porter ready answer made, —
"Oh, yes, this is Lord Beichan's hall;
And he is also here within,
With bride and guests assembled all."

"And has he betroth'd another love,
And has he quite forgotten me,
To whom he plighted his love and troth,
When from prison I did him free?

"Bear to your lord, ye proud porter,
This parted ring, the plighted token

Of mutual love, and mutual vows,
By him, alas! now falsely broken.

"And bid him send one bit of bread,
And bid him send one cup of wine,
Unto the maid he hath betray'd,
Tho' she freed him from cruel pine."

The porter hasten'd to his lord,
And fell down on his bended knee:
"My lord, a lady stands at your gate,
The fairest lady I e'er did see.

"On every finger she has a ring,
And on her middle finger three;
With as much gold above her brow
As wou'd buy an earldom to me."

It's out then spake the bride's mother,
Both loud and angry out spake she,—
"Ye might have excepted our bonnie bride,
If not more of this companie."

"My dame, your daughter's fair enough,
Her beauty's not denied by me;
But were she ten times fairer still,
With this lady ne'er compare cou'd she.

"My lord, she asks one bit of bread,
And bids you send one cup of wine;

And to remember the lady's love,
Who freed you out of cruel pine."

Lord Beichan hied him down the stair,—
Of fifteen steps he made but three,
Until he came to Susie Pye,
Whom he did kiss most tenderlie.

He's ta'en her by the lily hand,
And led her to his noble hall,
Where stood his sore-bewilder'd bride,
And wedding guests assembled all.

Fair Susie blushing look'd around,
Upon the lords and ladies gay;
Then with the tear-drops in her eyes,
Unto Lord Beichan she did say:

"Oh, have ye ta'en another bride,
And broke your plighted vows to me?
Then fare thee well, my Christian lord,
I'll try to think no more on thee.

"But sadly I will wend my way,
And sadly I will cross the sea,
And sadly will with grief and shame
Return unto my own countrie."

"Oh, never, never, Susie Pye,
Oh, never more shall you leave me;

This night you'll be my wedded wife,
And lady of my lands so free."

Syne up then spake the bride's mother,
She ne'er before did speak so free,—
"You'll not forsake my dear daughter,
For sake of her from Pagandie."

"Take home, take home your daughter dear,
She's not a pin the worse of me;
She came to me on horseback riding,
But shall go back in a coach and three."

Lord Beichan got ready another wedding,
And sang, with heart brimful of glee,—
"Oh, I'll range no more in foreign lands,
Since Susie Pye has cross'd the sea."

— Old Ballad

DICKENS IN CAMP

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,

While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
  Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
  As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
  From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
  And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
  Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
  Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop vine's incense all the pensive glory
  That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
  And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
  This spray of western pine!

— Bret Hart

DREAM PEDLARY

If there were dreams to sell,
  What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
  Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose leaf down.

If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
  What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
  With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
  Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
  This would I buy.

— Thomas Lovell Beddoes

THE BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY

I. Buttercup Falls in Love

I'm old, my dears, and shrivelled with age, and work a
grief,
My eyes are gone, and my teeth have been drawn by Tir
the Thief!
For terrible sights I've seen, and dangers great I've run—
I'm nearly seventy now, and my work is almost done.

Ah! I've been young in my time, and I've played the de
with men!
I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely sixty then:
My cheeks were mellow and soft, and my eyes were la
and sweet,
Poll Pineapple's eyes were the standing toast of the Ro
Fleet.

A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully served the ship
With apples and cakes, and fowls and beer, and halfpen
dips,
'Ard beef for the generous mess, where the officers dine
nights,
And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rollicking midsh
mites.

Of all the kind commanders who anchored in Portsmouth B
By far the sweetest of all was kind Lieutenant Belaye.

utenant Belaye commanded the gunboat, *Hot Cross Bun*,
was seven and thirty feet in length, and she carried a gun.

h the laudable view of enhancing his country's naval pride,
en people inquired her size, Lieutenant Belaye replied,
h, my ship, my ship is the first of the Hundred and Seventy-
ones!"
ich meant her tonnage, but people imagined it meant her
guns.

enever I went on board he would beckon me down below,
ome down, Little Buttercup, come" (for he loved to call
me so),
l he'd tell of the fights at sea in which he'd taken a part,
l so Lieutenant Belaye won poor Poll Pineapple's heart!

at length his orders came, and he said one day, said he,
m ordered to sail with the *Hot Cross Bun* to the German
Sea."
l the Portsmouth maidens wept when they learnt the evil
day,
every Portsmouth maid loved good Lieutenant Belaye.

II. Buttercup Goes to Sea

I went to a back, back street, with plenty of cheap,
cheap shops,
I bought an oilskin hat, and a second-hand suit of slops,
I went to Lieutenant Belaye (and he never suspected *me!*)
I entered myself as a chap as wanted to go to sea.

We sailed that afternoon at the mystic hour of one,—
Remarkably nice young men were the crew of the *Hot C*
Bun.
I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors sometimes sw
But I never yet heard a *Bun* say anything wrong, I decl

When Jack Tars meet, they meet with a "Messmate,
What cheer?"
But here on the *Hot Cross Bun*, it was "How do you do,
dear?"
When Jack Tars growl, I believe they growl with a big, big D
But the strongest oath of the *Hot Cross Bun* was a n
"Dear me!"

Yet, though they were all well-bred, you could scarcely
them slick:
Whenever a sea was on, they were all extremely sick;
And whenever the weather was calm, and the wind was li
and fair,
They spent more time than a sailor should on his back, b
hair.

They certainly shivered and shook when ordered aloft to
And they screamed when Lieutenant Belaye discharged
only gun,
And as he was proud of his gun—such pride is hardly wron
The Lieutenant was blazing away at intervals all day lon

ey all agreed very well, though at times you heard it said
at Bill had a way of his own of making his lips look red—
at Joe looked quite his age—or somebody might declare
at Barnacle's long pig-tail was never his own, own hair.

aye would admit that his men were of no great use to him,
ut then," he would say, "there is little to do on a gun-
boat trim.
an hand, and reef, and steer, and fire my big gun, too—
d it is such a treat to sail with a gentle, well-bred crew."

w him every day! How the happy moments sped!
f topsails! Make all taut! There's dirty weather ahead!
do not mean that tempest threatened the *Hot Cross Bun;*
that case, I don't know whatever we should have done!)

III. The Crew Is Overcome

er a fortnight's cruise, we put into port one day,
d off on leave for a week went kind Lieutenant Belaye,
d after a long, long week had passed (and it seemed like
a life),
utenant Belaye returned to his ship with a fair young wife!

up and he says, says he, "O crew of the *Hot Cross Bun,*
e is the wife of my heart, for the Church has made us one!"
d as he uttered the word, the crew went out of their wits,
d all fell down in so many separate fainting fits.

And then their hair came down, or off, as the case might
And lo! the rest of the crew were simple girls, like me,
Who all had fled from their homes in a sailor's blue array
To follow the shifting fate of kind Lieutenant Belaye.

. . . . . .

It's strange to think that *I* should ever have loved young m
But I'm speaking of ten years past — I was barely sixty th
And now my cheeks are furrowed with grief and age, I tr
And poor Poll Pineapple's eyes have lost their lustre now

— William S. Gilbe

WHAT I LIVE FOR

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake:
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill God's grand design.

I live to hail the season,
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

— George Linnaeus Ban

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

— Alfred Tennyson

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;

So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—

One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!— "

'Twas vain:—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,—
And he was left lamenting.

— Thomas Campbell

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—
Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up

Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rocked-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between:
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings

Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

CLEON AND I

Cleon hath ten thousand acres,
  Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
  In a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
  Not a penny, I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
  Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
  But the landscape, I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
  Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,
  Freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian—
  Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
  Free as thought am I;

Cleon fees a score of doctors,
  Need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
  Cleon fears to die;
Death may come—he'll find me ready,
  Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,
  In a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
  'Twixt the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever,
  Earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants—
  Who would change?—Not I.

—Charles Mackay

NAVAJO PRAYER

Lord of the Mountain
Reared within the Mountain,
Young man, Chieftain,
Hear a young man's prayer!
Hear a prayer for cleanness.

Keeper of the strong rain,
Drumming on the mountain;
Lord of the small rain,
That restores the earth in newness;
Keeper of the clean rain,
Hear a prayer for wholeness.

Young man, Chieftain,
Hear a prayer for fleetness.
Keeper of the deer's way,
Reared among the eagles,
Clear my feet of slothness.
Keeper of the paths of men
Hear a prayer for straightness.
Hear a prayer for courage.
Lord of the thin peaks
Reared among the thunders;
Keeper of the headlands,
Holding up the harvest,

Young man, Chieftain,
Hear a young man's prayer!

Keeper of the strong rocks,
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young man, Chieftain,
Spirit of the Mountain!

—Edward S. Yeomans

A RED, RED ROSE

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only luve!
And fare thee well awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

—Robert Burns

ALL THIS MY PENCIL SEES

ıave a pencil with a dull, round point,
point as rounded as the mounds of earth in the meadow
ıat jut bare-headed from the cool green grass that mothers
them.
ıt lovely things grow from my pencil
flowers grow from out the uncloaked earth.

ıere is the sun in winter, copper-hued,
ched by pure gold upon a soft grey sky;
ıe summer fields all patched and flaunting colors
ke grandma's many-colored counterpane;
ıe air, the very air that mortals breathe,
ether that the gods might well have praised;

ıd then there is the doll upon my chair,
lace and gold and ruffled silks and frills,
ith hair as soft as powdered dust and cobweb;
e might be proud and haughty—
ouder, ay, than all the maids of fair antiquity,
ıd yet she sits and stares and stares.

this my pencil sees and records down,
r through the eye of poetry it bears its fruit,
dull grey mounds of earth can bear an orchard.

— ELINOR COLEMAN

Written by a ninth-grade pupil, Horace Mann School, Teachers College, New York City.

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' m
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bel
they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back
Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' fro
Rangoon to Mandalay?
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out
China' crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw
Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed
where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay—

en the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-lo-lo!*"
h 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek agin my cheek
useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak,
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay—

that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger tells:
you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed nothin' else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells!
On the road to Mandalay—

n sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin' stones,
the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot *do* they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, green
land!
On the road to Mandalay—

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like t
worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man c
raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea—
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when
went to Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder ou
China 'crost the Bay!

—Rudyard Kiplin

OTHER MEN'S CLOVER

Half the world over you maybe will wander,
  Meadow and forest and mountain and sea;
But you won't find it, my boy, over yonder—
  Put down your bundle and listen to me:
All of the clover is other men's clover,
And other men's seas are the seas you sail over;
Another man's home ev'ry house to the rover,
  Wherever you be.

Half the world over, like you I went roaming,
  Thinking that joy was a thing to pursue.
Down came the twilight; the swallows came homing,
  Chill was the darkness, and damp was the dew.
They gave me the shelter the rover came after,
But the laughter around me was other men's laughter.
I slept, but I slept 'neath another man's rafter,
  A rover like you.

Half the world over, I saw ev'ry city,
  Cottage and palace, yet none of them mine;
The poorest could give me the glances of pity,
  Who owned not a fig-tree and had not a vine.
Half the world over, and what did it bring me?
A bed they would grant me; a crust they would fling me;
And always of home was the song they would sing me —
  Who knew not a line.

Half the world over, and then in a valley
I built me a cot where the rovers went by;
And now I've a garden, a baby and Sally,
A forest, a meadow and all of the sky.
None of the clover is other men's clover,
And other men's seas now I never sail over.
Whatever men are, none as poor as the rover—
None richer than I!

— Douglas Malloch

THE PURITAN'S BALLAD

My love came up from Barnegat,
The sea was in his eyes;
He trod as softly as a cat
And told me terrible lies.

His hair was yellow as new-cut pine
In shavings curled and feathered;
I thought how silver it would shine
By cruel winters weathered.

But he was in his twentieth year,
This time I'm speaking of;
We were head over heels in love with fear
And half a-feared of love.

My hair was piled in a copper crown—
A devilish living thing,
And the tortoise-shell pins fell down, fell down,
When that snake uncoiled to spring.

His feet were used to treading a gale
And balancing thereon;
His face was brown as a foreign sail
Threadbare against the sun.

His arms were thick as hickory logs
Whittled to little wrists;

Strong as the teeth of terrier dogs
  Were the fingers of his fists.

Within his arms I feared to sink
  Where lions shook their manes,
And dragons drawn in azure ink
  Leapt quickened by his veins.

Dreadful his strength and length of limb
  As the sea to foundering ships;
I dipped my hands in love for him
  No deeper than their tips.

But our palms were welded by a flame
  The moment we came to part,
And on his knuckles I read my name
  Enscrolled within a heart.

And something made our wills to bend
  As wild as trees blown over;
We were no longer friend and friend,
  But only lover and lover.

"In seven weeks or seventy years—
  God grant it may be sooner!—
I'll make a handkerchief for your tears
  From the sails of my captain's schooner.

"We'll wear our loves like wedding rings
  Long polished to our touch;

We shall be busy with other things
And they cannot bother us much.

"When you are skimming the wrinkled cream
And your ring clinks on the pan,
You'll say to yourself in a pensive dream,
'How wonderful a man!'

"When I am slitting a fish's head
And my ring clanks on the knife,
I'll say with thanks, as a prayer is said,
'How beautiful a wife!'

"And I shall fold my decorous paws
In velvet smooth and deep,
Like a kitten that covers up its claws
To sleep and sleep and sleep.

"Like a little blue pigeon you shall bow
Your bright alarming crest;
In the crook of my arm you'll lay your brow
To rest and rest and rest."

Will he never come back from Barnegat
With thunder in his eyes,
Treading as soft as a tiger cat,
To tell me terrible lies?

— ELINOR WYLIE

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude

Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honeybees;

For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play

Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

— John Greenleaf Whittier

GLENLOGIE

Threescore o' nobles rade to the king's ha',
But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a';
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e'e,
"Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me!"

"O haud your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he."
"O say na sae, mither, for that canna be;
Though Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,
Yet if I maun lo'e him, I'll certainly dee.

"Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon?"
"O here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon."

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas "Wash and go dine";
'Twas "Wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine."
"O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er shall be n
To gar a lady's errand wait till I dine.

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee."
The first line he read, a low smile ga'e he;
The next line he read, the tear blindit his e'e;
But the last line he read, he gart the table flee.

"Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the brown;
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae town";

But lang ere the horse was brought round to the green,
O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam' to Glenfeldy's door, sma' mirth was there;
Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair;
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome," said she,
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jennie to see."

Pale and wan was she, when Glenlogie gaed ben,
But red rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
She turned awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e;
"O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

—Old Ballad

STAIRWAYS AND GARDENS

Gardens and Stairways; those are the words that thrill r
Always with vague suggestions of delight.
Stairways and Gardens. Mystery and grace
Seem part of their environment; they fill all space
With memories of things veiled from my sight,
In some far place.

Gardens. The word is overcharged with meaning;
It speaks of moonlight and a closing door;
Of birds at dawn—of sultry afternoons.
Gardens. I seem to see low branches screening
A vine-roofed arbor with a leaf tile floor
Where sunlight swoons.

Stairways. The word winds upward to a landing,
Then curves and vanishes in space above.
Lights fall, lights rise; soft lights that meet and blend.
Stairways; and someone at the bottom standing
Expectantly with lifted looks of love.
The steps descend.

Gardens and Stairways. They belong with song,
With subtle scents of perfume, myrrh and musk,
With dawn and dusk—with youth, romance and mystery
And times that were and times that are to be.
Stairways and Gardens.

—Ella Wheeler Wilc

THE POETS

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

— Arthur O'Shaughnessy

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

And the first grey of morning fill'd the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hush'd, and still the men were plunged in sleep;
Sohrab alone, he slept not: all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the grey dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.

Through the black Tartar tents he pass'd, which sto
Clustering like beehives on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere:
Through the black tents he pass'd, o'er that low strand
And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink, the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crown'd the top
With a clay fort: but that was fall'n, and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick piled carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed

Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dull'd; for he slept light, an old man's sleep;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:—
"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"
But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:—
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa: it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army march'd;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou knowest if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars, and bore arms,
I have still serv'd Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This too thou know'st, that, while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone —
Rustum, my father; who, I hop'd, should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hop'd, but him I never find.

Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest today: but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man: if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumor of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk,
But of a single combat fame speaks clear."
He spoke, and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sigh'd, and said:—
"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press for ever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war,
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But, if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight:
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray:

But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seistan, with Zal, his father old.
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorr'd approaches of old age;
Or in some quarrel with the Persian King.
There go:—Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us: fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain: but who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening? and who govern Rustum's son?
Go: I will grant thee what thy heart desires."
So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay,
And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat
He pass'd, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he set his sheep-skin cap,
Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul;
And rais'd the curtain of his tent, and call'd
His herald to his side, and went abroad.
The sun, by this, had risen, and clear'd the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands:
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen fil'd
Into the open plain; so Haman bade;

Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa rul'd
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they stream'd:
As when, some grey November morn, the files,
In marching order spread, of long neck'd cranes,
Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some frore Caspian reed-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian sea-board: so they stream'd.
The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First, with black sheep-skin caps and with long spears;
Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands;
Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service own'd;
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmuks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.

These all fil'd out from camp into the plain,
And on the other side the Persians form'd:
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seem'd,
The Ilyats of Khorassan: and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshall'd battalions bright in burnish'd steel.
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them where they stood.
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:—
"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts today.
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."
As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearlèd ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they lov'd.
But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,

That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk snow;
Winding so high, that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
Chok'd by the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mulberries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.
And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
To counsel; Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz, who rul'd the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the King:
These came and counsell'd; and then Gudurz said:—
"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitch'd his tents apart:
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."
So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and said:—
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said.
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."
He spake; and Peran-Wisa turn'd and strode
Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.

But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And cross'd the camp which lay behind, and reach'd,
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
Just pitch'd: the high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camped around.
And Gudurz enter'd Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum: his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood beside him, charg'd with food;
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark-green melons; and there Rustum sate
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
And play'd with it; but Gudurz came and stood
Before him; and he looked, and saw him stand;
And with a cry sprang up, and dropp'd the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said:—
"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight,
What news? but sit down first, and eat and drink."
But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said:—
"Not now: a time will come to eat and drink,
But not today: today has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze:
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!

He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose."
He spoke: but Rustum answered with a smile:—
"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older: if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely: for the King, for Kai-Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honors younger men,
And lets the aged molder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have,
A son so fam'd, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armor up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no mor
He spoke, and smil'd; and Gudurz made reply:—

"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed, lest men should say,
Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men."

And, greatly mov'd, then Rustum made reply:—
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or fam'd,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of naught would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame.
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was match'd
In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frown'd; and Gudurz turn'd, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy,
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.
But Rustum strode to his tent door, and call'd
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel: the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And from the fluted spine atop a plume
Of horsehair wav'd, a scarlet horsehair plume.

So arm'd he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,
Follow'd him, like a faithful hound, at heel,
Ruksh, whose renown was nois'd through all the earth,
The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And rear'd him; a bright bay, with lofty crest;
Dight with a saddle-cloth of broider'd green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were work'd
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know:
So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and cross'd
The camp, and to the Persian host appear'd.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hail'd; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands —
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanc'd,
And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare;
So on each side were squares of men, with spears

Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes towards the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and ey'd him as he came.
As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her fire —
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whiten'd window-panes —
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs: long he perus'd
His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.
For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd,
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound —
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly rear'd.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and said: —
"O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold.
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.

Behold me: I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe:
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be govern'd: quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die.
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."

So he spake, mildly: Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum; and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Has builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streak'd with its first grey hair; hope fill'd his soul;
And he ran forwards and embrac'd his knees,
And clasp'd his hand within his own, and said:—

"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou not he?"

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turn'd away, and spoke to his own soul:—

"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean.
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say—*Rustum is here*—
He will not yield indeed, not quit our foes,

But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast day, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry—
'I challeng'd once, when the two armies camp'd
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank; only Rustum dared: then he and I
Chang'd gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud.
Then were the chiefs of Iran sham'd through me."
And then he turn'd, and sternly spake aloud:—
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast call'd
By challenge forth: make good thy vaunt, or yield.
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee.
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this;
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield;
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away."

He spoke: and Sohrab answer'd, on his feet:—
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so.
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin: thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art prov'd, I know, and I am young—
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Pois'd on the top of a huge wave of Fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know:
Only the event will teach us in its hour."
He spoke; and Rustum answer'd not, but hurl'd
His spear: down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds
Drops like a plummet: Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash: the spear
Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide:—then Sohrab threw

In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield: sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear.
And Rustum seiz'd his club, which none but he
Could wield: an unlopp'd trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough; like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time
Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs; so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand:
And now might Sohrab have unsheath'd his sword,
And pierc'd the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and chok'd with sand:
But he look'd on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:—
"Thou strik'st too hard: that club of thine will float
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth; not wroth am I:
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum: be it so.
Who art thou, then, that canst so touch my soul?

Boy as I am, I have seen battles too;
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touch'd before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight them, when they confront thy spear.
But, oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceas'd: but while he spake, Rustum had risen
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club
He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right hand
Blaz'd bright and baleful, like that autumn star,
The baleful sign of fevers: dust had soil'd
His stately crest, and dimm'd his glittering arms.
His breast heav'd; his lips foam'd; and twice his voice
Was chok'd with rage; at last these words broke way:—

"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands
Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight; let me hear thy hateful voice no more!

Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance;
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war: I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor: try thy feints
And cunning: all the pity I had is gone:
Because thou hast sham'd me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."
He spoke; and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword: at once they rush'd
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west: their shields
Dash'd with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees; such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone;

For both the onlooking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And laboring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out: the steel-spik'd spear
Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,
And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defil'd, sunk to the dust;
And Rustum bow'd his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker: thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry:
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day
Has trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand:—
The two hosts heard that cry, and quak'd for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in his hand the hilt remain'd alone.

Then Rustum rais'd his head: his dreadful eyes
Glar'd, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted "*Rustum!*" Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amaz'd: back he recoil'd one step,
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing form:
And then he stood bewilder'd; and he dropp'd
His covering shield, and the spear pierc'd his side.
He reel'd, and staggering back, sank to the ground.
And then the gloom dispers'd, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair:
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool! thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be,
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:—

"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain,
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man.
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I match'd with ten such men as thee,
And I were he who till today I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovèd name unnerv'd my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear!
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierc'd her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,

In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers: never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by:—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss—
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.
But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said:—
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."
And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:—
"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce Man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be!
Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old King, her father, who grows grey
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,

With spoils and honor, when the war is done.
But a dark rumor will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
And then will that defenceless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more,
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far distant Oxus, he is slain."
He spoke; and as he ceas'd he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listen'd, plung'd in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he call'd back names he knew:
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all:
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms;
And so he deem'd that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deem'd he; yet he listen'd, plung'd in thought;
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore
At the full moon: tears gather'd in his eyes;
For he remember'd his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The Shepherd from his mountain lodge descries

A far bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds; so Rustum saw
His youth, saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old King, her father, who lov'd well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer-time—
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass;—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gaz'd on him with grief, and said:—
"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have lov'd!
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false:—thou art not Rustum's son.
For Rustum had no son: one child he had—
But one—a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."

But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew fierce,
And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die;
But first he would convince his stubborn foe—
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:—
"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I liv'd, was far from mine.
I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."
He spoke: and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks;
And his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailèd hand,
That the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud:
And to his heart he press'd the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said:—
"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie.
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."
Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab's loos'd
His belt, and near the shoulder bar'd his arm,
And show'd a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick'd: as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp

Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands:—
So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that Griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks.
Him that kind creature found, and rear'd, and lov'd—
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that figure on his arm,
And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touch'd it with his hand and said:—
"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke: but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless, and then he utter'd one sharp cry—
O Boy—thy Father!—and his voice chok'd there.
And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sunk down to earth.
But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers strok'd his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life: and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seiz'd
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms:

And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutch'd his sword,
To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spoke, and said:—
"Father, forbear: for I but meet today
The doom that at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it: but fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engag'd
The strife, and hurl'd me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this: I find
My father; let me feel that I have found.
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say, 'My son!'
Quick! quick! for number'd are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."
So said he: and his voice releas'd the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms around his son's neck, and he wept aloud,
And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both the hosts

When they saw Rustum's grief: and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one then to the other mov'd
His head, as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears roll'd down, and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:—
"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should then have rotted on thy nimble joints,
When first they bore thy Master to this field."
But Sohrab look'd upon the horse and said:—
"Is this then Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed!
My terrible father's terrible horse; and said,
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
For thou has gone where I shall never go,
And snuff'd the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
And seen the River of Helmund, and the lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
Has often strok'd thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter soak'd with wine,
And said — 'O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!' — but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrow'd face,

Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
Nor slak'd my thirst at the clear Helmund stream:
But lodg'd among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream—
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied:—
"Oh, that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"

But, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied:—
"Desire not that, my father; thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscur'd, and die."
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age.
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come: thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these:
Let me entreat for them: what have they done?
They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,

But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all:
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and say—
Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill—
And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:—
"Fear not; as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be: for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all:
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host: yea, let them go:
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all whom I have ever slain
Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes,

And they who were call'd champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have;
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown;
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine; and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine;
And say—*O son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end.—
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age;
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:—
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man;
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet: but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai-Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gaz'd on Sohrab's face, and said:—
"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if Fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke; and Sohrab smil'd on him, and took

The spear, and drew it from his side, and eas'd
His wound's imperious anguish: but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream: all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soil'd,
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,
By children, whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye: his head droop'd low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes clos'd; only when heavy gasps,
Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
Convuls'd him back to life, he open'd them,
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face:
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars once high-rear'd
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now, mid their broken flights of steps,
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,

And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loos'd, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp and took their meal.
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward; the Tartars by the river marge:
And Rustum and his son were left alone.
But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon; he flow'd
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large: then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Thro' beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer;—till at last
The long'd for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

— Matthew Arnold

HOW THE POETRY BOOK WAS MADE

The Poetry Book is a series of reading books in nine volumes, ne for each year of the elementary and junior high schools. 'he distinguishing feature of these books is that they are the esult of extensive analysis and experimentation to determine he selection and grade placement of poetry material.

The research work for these volumes has been carried out nd directed by Miriam Blanton Huber, Institute of Educa- ional Research, Teachers College, Columbia University, and Herbert B. Bruner, Bureau of Curriculum Research, Teachers College, Columbia University. They have had the constant elp and advice of Charles M. Curry, formerly Professor of iterature, Indiana State Normal School. Every phase of eaching work is represented in the experience of the editors, nd all of them have at various times made special studies in he field of children's literature.

The story of the two years spent in the preparation of these ooks may be briefly summarized as follows:

The first step was to determine the poems which are now enerally considered most appropriate for children of the arious grades. This was accomplished (1) by considering the ubjective opinions of expert teachers of poetry, and (2) by n examination of 900 courses of study and practically all of he most used textbooks, with minute analysis of 30 courses f study and 30 textbooks, in each of grades one to nine. The esulting material formed two-thirds of that subjected to xperimentation. From personal choice, previous studies and he opinions of experts in children's reading, additional poems ere included, largely from modern poets and material not reviously used in textbooks. The experimental material omprised 573 individual poems, increased to almost 900 titles hrough repetitions arising from the analysis of present practice.

The second step was to subject these poems to the test o use in actual schoolroom and teaching situations. The pub lishers furnished the material, printed in nine sections. Twelv experimental centers were carefully selected, in order to secur wide geographical distribution and to reach all types of pupil More than 50,000 children and 1500 teachers were involve in the experiment. The method of procedure was such as t secure the most accurate measure of the children's interest in individual poems and to determine in what grade thos interests were strongest. Twelve reaction papers were secure from each child and these data were treated statistically Poems to the number of 535 were given definite grade place ment, while 38 poems were not tolerated by children. In th changes in this placement from present practice about as man poems were raised to higher grades as were reduced to lowe ones, and about the same number of differences in placemer were found from the opinions of experts as from present pra tice in courses of study and textbooks.

The third step was the making of *The Poetry Book* in nin volumes, based upon the results of this elaborate study an experimentation. Many more poems appear than were use in and placed by the experiment. These additional poem were selected by the editors in the light of the definite interes indicated by the choices of the children. In grade nine, fo example, 32 titles were placed by the experimental result and the editors have added 48 titles, making a total of 80 titl in Book 9. The poems appear in approximately the order i which most teachers will desire to use them. The season interest has been made a basis of arrangement, while poem without this special interest have been distributed in the ord of difficulty or so as to secure variety and balance of subje matter. The twelve poems that the experiment indicate as ranking highest in grade nine, in the order of rank, are a follows:

1. If —.....Rudyard Kipling
2. The Barefoot Boy.....John Greenleaf Whittier
3. Love of Country.....Sir Walter Scott
4. Home Thoughts from Europe.....Henry van Dyke
5. The Ballad of East and West.....Rudyard Kipling
6. Sheridan's Ride.....Thomas Buchanan Read
7. The Vision of Sir Launfal.....James Russell Lowell
8. To a Waterfowl.....William Cullen Bryant
9. The Torch of Life.....Henry Newbolt
10. The Thinker.....Berton Braley
11. Tam o' Shanter.....Robert Burns
12. King Robert of Sicily . Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A full account of this entire experiment, with tabulations of ll results, and with suggestions for the reading and teaching f poetry in the schools, is given in *Children's Interests in oetry*, published by Rand McNally & Company. This vol-me, uniform in size with the volumes of *The Poetry Book*, is most significant contribution to the literature of scientific urriculum making. The nine volumes of *The Poetry Book*, ased as they are upon this careful and extended experimental rocedure, constitute a unique example of scientific textbook aking on a large scale.

The publishers will be glad to answer any inquiries in regard o the details of the experiment or in regard to the contents f *The Poetry Book*.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Chicago, Illinois

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